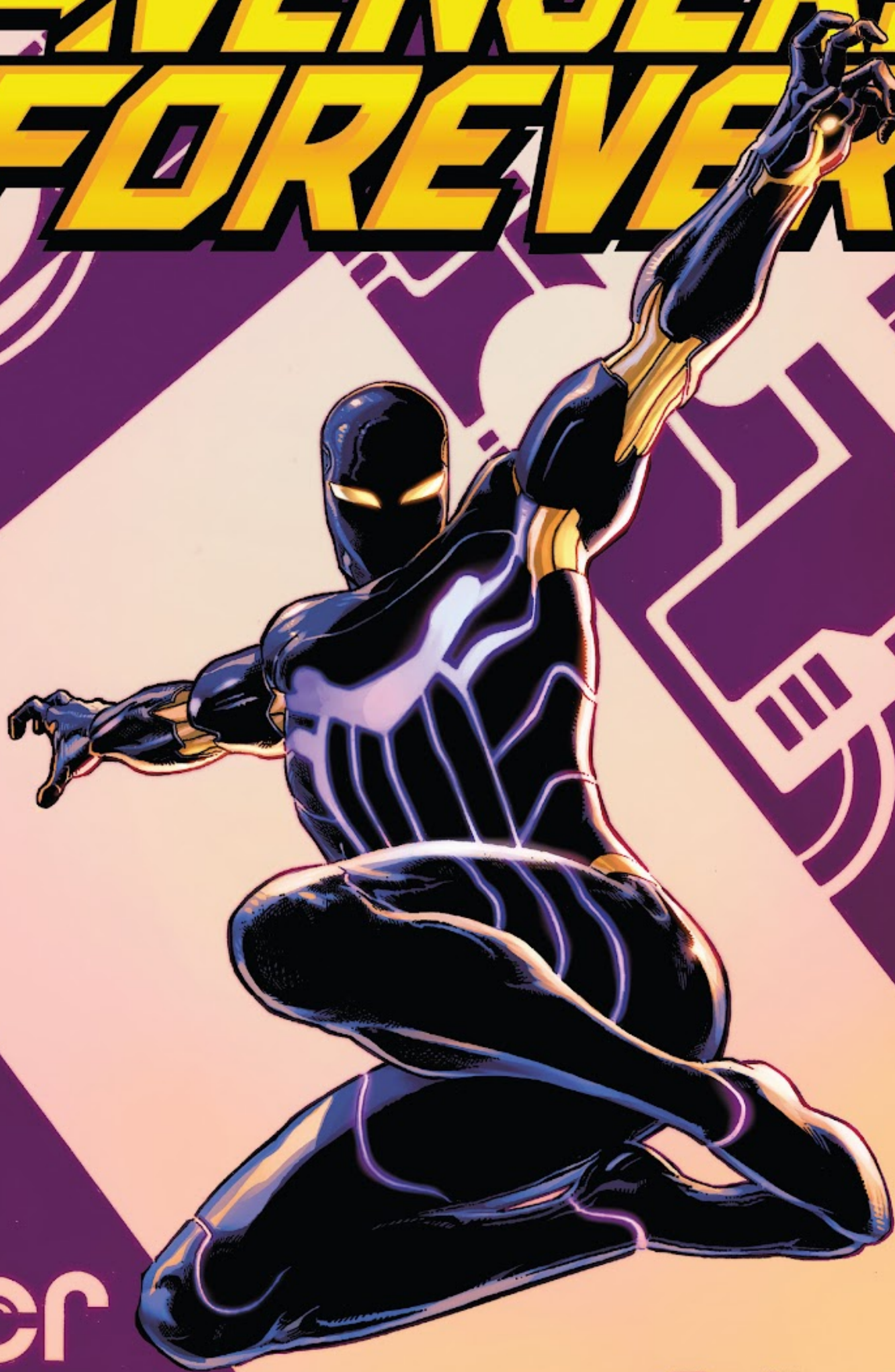


MARVEL

6

AARON • TOWE • GURU-eFX

AVENGERS FOREVER



Enter
VIBRANIUM Man



I DON'T REMEMBER
THE NAMES OF MY
MOTHER AND FATHER.

NO ONE
DOES.

THOSE WORDS HAVE
BEEN PURGED FROM
ALL KNOWN RECORDS.

BY THE MAN WHO
MURDERED THEM.

THE MAN WHO
MURDERS MILLIONS
EVERY DAY.

WHO RAZED MY
HOMELAND.
ENSLAVED MY GODS.

WHO DESECRATES THE
LEGACY OF MY PEOPLE
WITH EVERY BEFOULED
BREATH HE TAKES.

THE POOR EXCUSE
FOR MANHOOD
WHO CALLS HIMSELF
KING KILLMONGER.

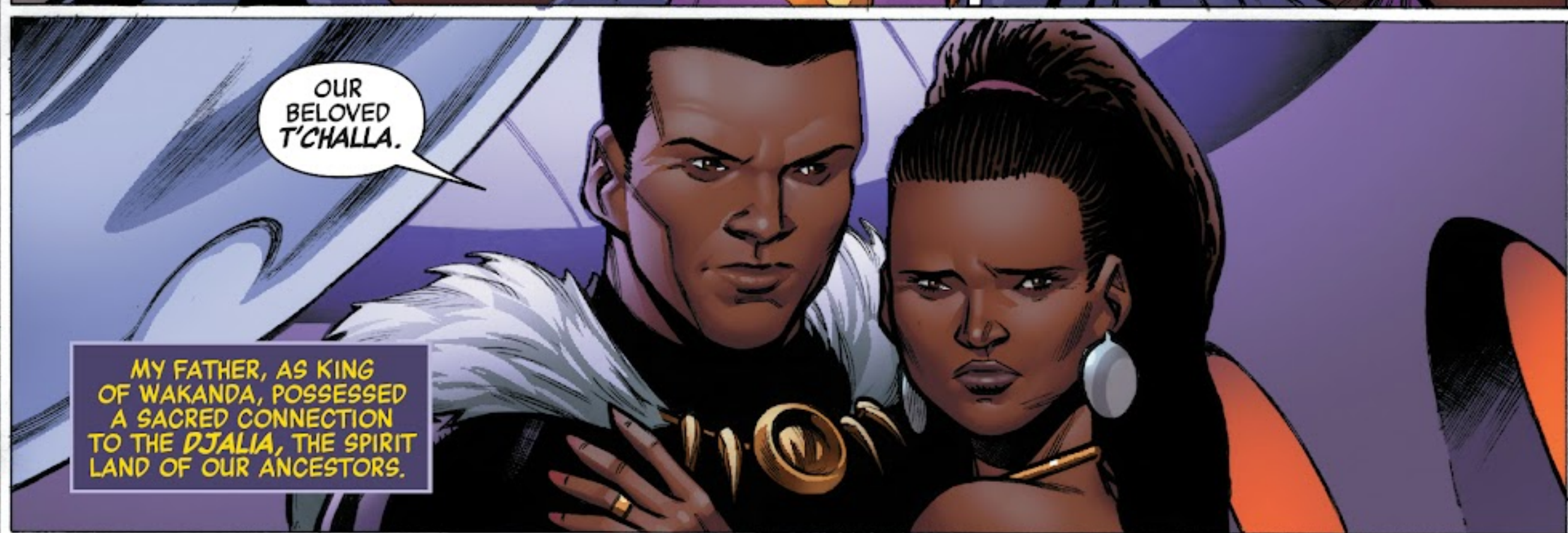


WHEN HE SLEW MY PARENTS
AND REDUCED THE FABLED
WARRIORS OF **WAKANDA** TO
ASH AND BLOOD...IT WAS **ME**
FOR WHOM HE WAS SEARCHING.



EVEN THOUGH
I WAS BUT A
BABE.

MAY
THE ORISHA
WATCH OVER
YOU, SON.



OUR
BELOVED
T'CHALLA.

MY FATHER, AS KING
OF **WAKANDA**, POSSESSED
A SACRED CONNECTION
TO THE **DJALIA**, THE SPIRIT
LAND OF OUR ANCESTORS.



WHERE **WAKANDAN**
ROYALTY OF OLD
STILL ROAMED.

THE **BLACK PANTHERS**
OF ALL DIFFERENT ERAS.



AND ALL
DIFFERENT
EARTHS.

ACROSS THE MYRIAD
PLANES OF THE
MULTIVERSE, THE WORD
WAS PASSED FROM
PANTHER TO PANTHER.

THAT KILLMONGER
WAS COMING.

TO RAVAGE
EVERY EARTH.
PILLAGE EVERY
WAKANDA.

AND MURDER
EVERY T'CHALLA
IN HIS CRIB.

SO MY PARENTS
SENT ME AWAY,
LIKE MOSES ON
THE NILE.

BUT MY RIVER WAS
THE ONE OF GREAT,
UNKNOWNABLE DARKNESS...

...THAT FLOWS
FOREVER BETWEEN
THE **STARS**.

And there came a day, a day unlike any other, when the mightiest Avengers of many Earths found themselves united against a common threat--to fight the foes no single universe could withstand!

AVENGERS FOREVER



T'CHALLA



GHOST RIDER



ANT-MAN



DEATHLOK

The **Multiversal Masters of Evil**, a group comprised of the deadliest villains of their respective worlds, has been making their way through the Multiverse, conquering countless worlds. Among their members is **King Killmonger**, who wears a modified version of the Asgardian **Destroyer** armor.

An unlikely group of **Avengers** from different realities has formed to oppose the villains: **Robbie Reyes**, the **All-Rider** from **Earth-616**, a **Deathlok** dispatched by the mysterious **Avenger Prime** and **Tony Stark**, the **Ant-Man** of **Earth-818**.

"The Vibranium Man"

BY **JASON AARON**, **JIM TOWE** & **GURU-EFX**

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AVENGERS CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

YEARS LATER.

WE KNOW
HE IS HERE! WE
KNOW SOMEONE
HAS SEEN HIM! SPEAK
NOW OR FORFEIT
YOUR TONGUES!

HERE ON **CHANDILAR**,
THRONeworld OF THE
SHI'AR IMPERIUM, ONLY
THE **GROUND-BORN**
ELITE MAY WALK UPON
THE PLANET'S
SACRED SURFACE.

OR YOUR
LIVES!

THE REST OF US ARE
PACKED INTO **SKY
SLUMS**, WHERE THE
ONLY THING MORE
SCARCE THAN FOOD
IS **AIR**.

MOST UP HERE ARE
IMMIGRANTS FROM A
DOZEN GALAXIES, FLEEING
BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF
KILLMONGER'S WARSHIPS.

AS THE **HIGH SHANTIES**
GREW OVERCROWDED,
THE **SHI'AR** PUT UP **SHOCK
SHIELDS** TO DISINTEGRATE
ANY BODIES THAT MIGHT
FALL FROM ABOVE.

AAAAAAHH!!!

NO ONE LOOKS OUT FOR
THE POOR SOULS PACKED
INTO THESE SLUMS LIKE
STARVING INSECTS.

OOOF!

SO WE **BUGS** HAVE
TO LOOK OUT FOR
OURSELVES.



IS IT
THEM?

THE
SKY SPIDER...
I NEVER BELIEVED
YOU WERE REAL.
THANK THE GODS
YOU ARE.

TELL ME WHO
JUST TRIED TO
KILL YOU.

YES, IT...
IT'S THEM. THEY'VE
COME AT LAST. THE
HARBINGERS OF
KILLMONGER THE
CRUEL.



THE **WAR
PANTHERS** ARE
HERE.

NO, THEY ARE
MARAUDERS AND
MERCENARIES WHO
DO NOT DESERVE
THAT NAME.

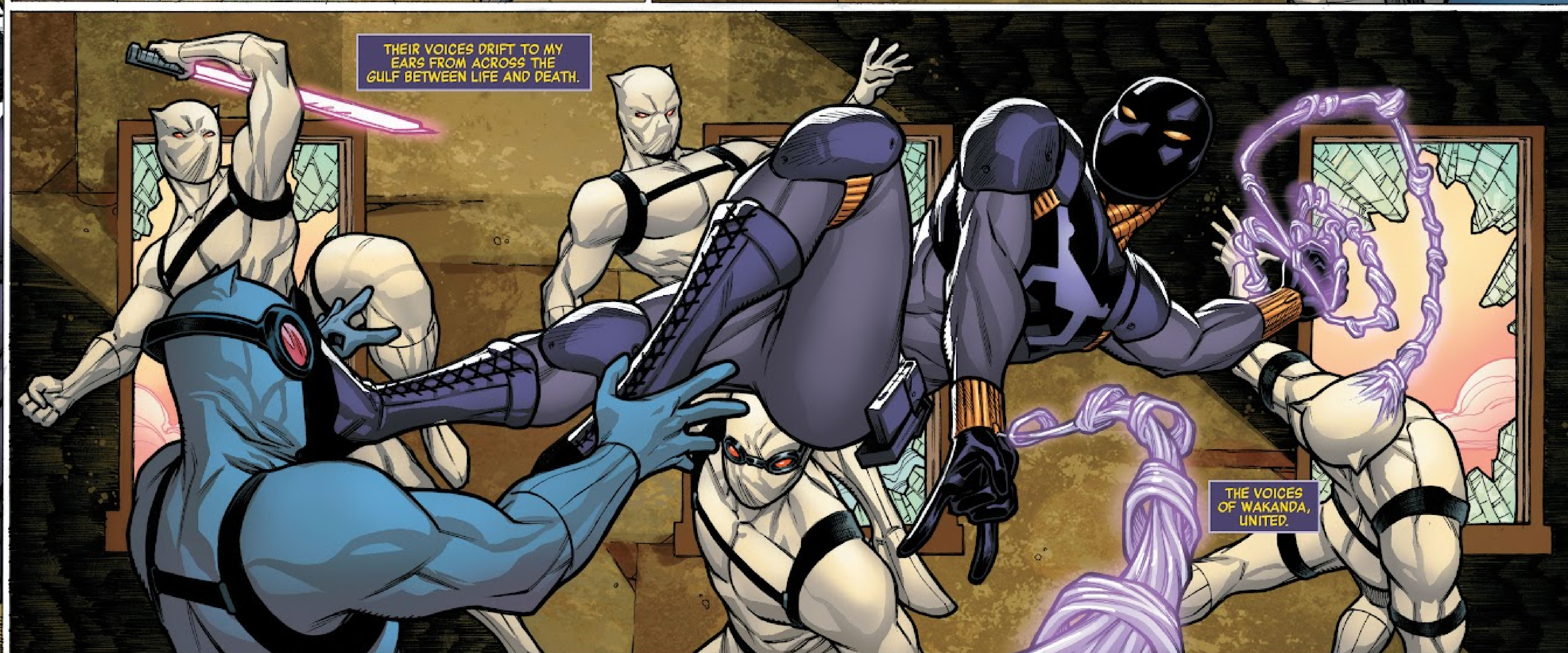
THE TRUE
PANTHERS
ARE **DEAD**.

I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THIS DAY WOULD
COME. I'VE BEEN PREPARING FOR IT,
USING WHAT **VIBRANIUM** I COULD SALVAGE
FROM THE ROCKET THAT BROUGHT ME HERE.



DOGS! TELL
YOUR MASTER
YOU'VE FOUND
HIM!

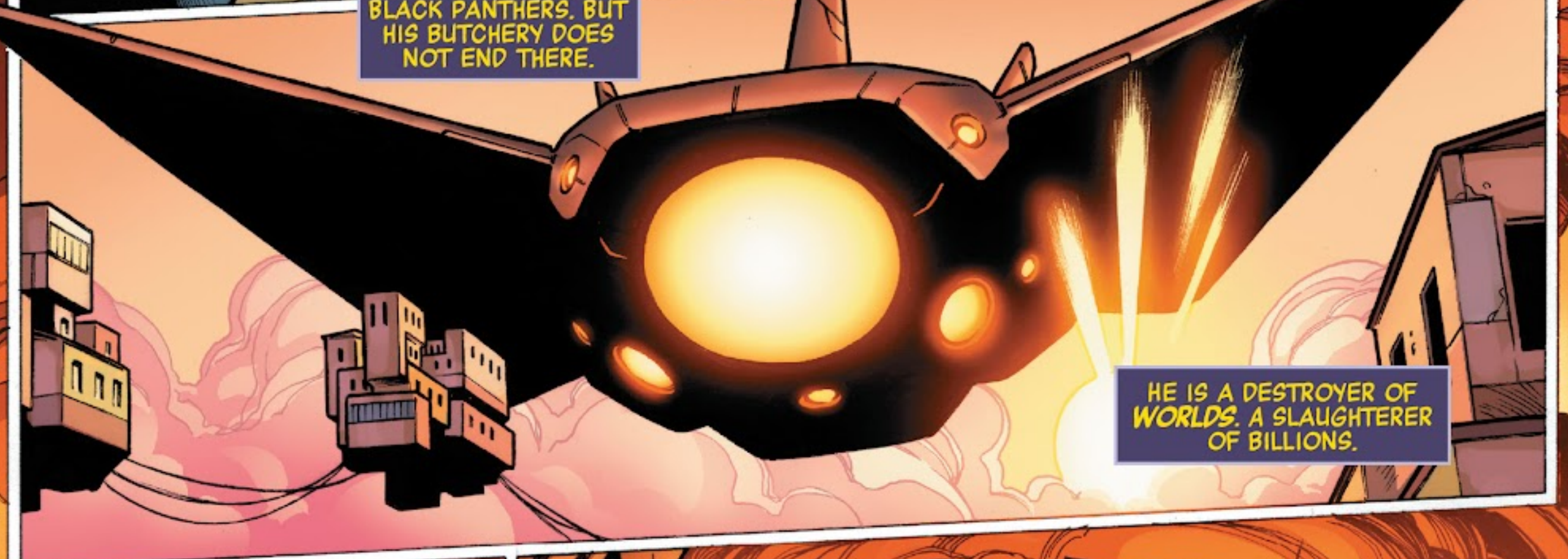
THIS IS THE DAY I
RECLAIM MY **LEGACY**.



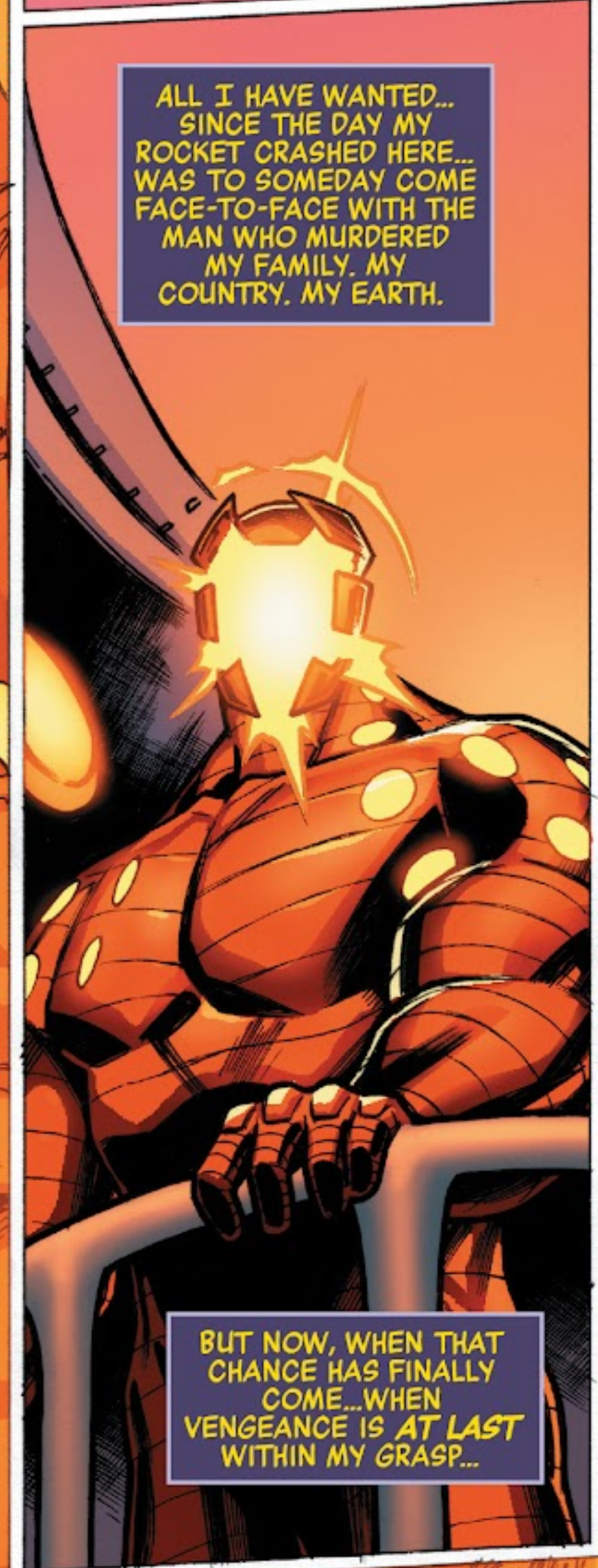


AND THEN I
UNDERSTAND
WHY.

WHEREVER HE GOES,
KILLMONGER SLAYS
BLACK PANTHERS. BUT
HIS BUTCHERY DOES
NOT END THERE.



HE IS A DESTROYER OF
WORLDS. A SLAUGHTERER
OF BILLIONS.



ALL I HAVE WANTED...
SINCE THE DAY MY
ROCKET CRASHED HERE...
WAS TO SOMEDAY COME
FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE
MAN WHO MURDERED
MY FAMILY. MY
COUNTRY. MY EARTH.



...KILLMONGER
LOOKS DOWN
FROM ABOVE...

...AND
SHRUGS...

BUT NOW, WHEN THAT
CHANCE HAS FINALLY
COME...WHEN
VENGEANCE IS AT LAST
WITHIN MY GRASP...

...AND DECIDES
I AM NOT WORTH
HIS TIME.



FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, I TRAINED ON CHANDILAR. MORNING AND NIGHT.

AND WHEN MY MOMENT FINALLY CAME... I NEVER EVEN GOT CLOSE TO HIM.

AS THE FIRES EMBRACE ME, I AM ALREADY THINKING OF TOMORROW.

AS CHANDILAR EXPLODES AROUND ME, THE VIBRANIUM FROM MY ROCKET, THE PRECIOUS LIFEblood OF WAKANDA...

IT SAVES MY LIFE.

...ONCE AGAIN DOES AS MY PARENTS INTENDED.

AND HOW SOON I CAN RESUME MY TRAINING.

MANY TOMORROWS LATER.

CALCULATE
DISTANCE TO
THAT WRECK.

THIRTEEN
METERS
MORE THAN
YESTERDAY.

IT'S DRIFTING
AWAY. IF I WAIT
ANOTHER DAY, I'LL
NEVER MAKE IT.

YOUR
SUIT LACKS
SUFFICIENT POWER
FOR SUCH A
SPACE LEAP.

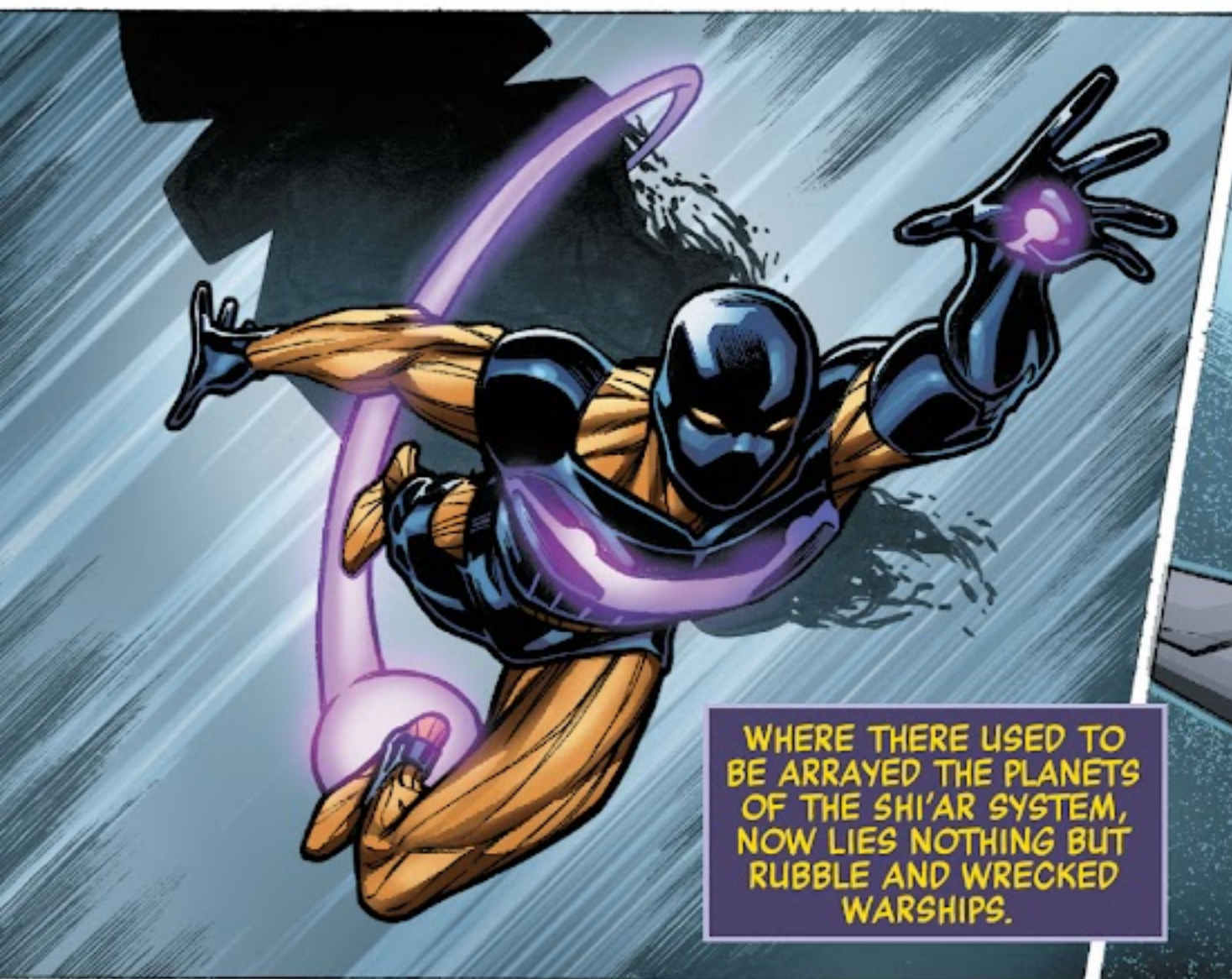
THERE'S
NOTHING
ELSE TO SALVAGE
FROM THIS SHIP.
AND ITS OXYGEN
IS ALMOST
SPENT.

THERE IS NO
EVIDENCE THAT
YOUR TARGET SHIP
STILL POSSESSES
FUNCTIONING
ATMOSPHERE.

NO, THERE
ISN'T. BUT IF I
STAY HERE, ONE
THING IS ALMOST
CERTAINLY
GUARANTEED.

AND WHAT
IS THAT?

I'LL **NEVER**
GET MY HANDS ON
KILLMONGER!



WHERE THERE USED TO BE ARRAYED THE PLANETS OF THE SHI'AR SYSTEM, NOW LIES NOTHING BUT RUBBLE AND WRECKED WARSHIPS.



I SCAVENGE WHAT VIBRANIUM I CAN FROM THE DETRITUS OF KILLMONGER'S RAMPAGE.

BUT MY SUIT IS ONLY CAPABLE OF *JUMPING* FROM ONE WRECK TO ANOTHER. IF I AM LUCKY.



THIS WILL BE HOME FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS.

I WILL SLEEP AMONG THE DEAD. WHEN I BOTHER TO SLEEP AT ALL.



I WILL FOLLOW KILLMONGER'S TRAIL. A STRETCH OF RUIN THAT SEEMS NEVER TO END.

AND IN MY DARKEST OF TIMES...I WILL *DESPAIR*.

I WILL WRESTLE WITH
THE FEAR THAT I WILL
DIE OUT HERE, LOST
AND ALONE.

THE OTHERS
ARE ALL DEAD, AND
THE AIR IS RUNNING OUT.
OUR ALMIGHTY GOD KING
HAS ABANDONED US. TAKE
ALL THE VIBRANIUM,
PLEASE, JUST...



...JUST
DON'T LEAVE
ME HERE.

VERY WELL,
"WAR PANTHER,"
YOU HAVE MY
WORD.



I WON'T
LEAVE YOU
HERE.

OTHER TIMES, I WILL
FRET AND WORRY...
ABOUT WHAT IT IS I
AM BECOMING...

...AS I LEAP
ALONG THIS ROAD
OF VENGEANCE.



HGKKKT!
CAN'T...
BREATHE...



SUIT,
SCAN THE SHIP
AGAIN.

SCANS ARE
THE SAME AS
LAST TIME.



YOU HAVE
FOUND HIM.
KILLMONGER IS
ON BOARD.

RUN THE
DIAGNOSTICS.

THE SUIT IS
COMPLETE AND
FUNCTIONING AT
ACCEPTABLE
LEVELS.



ARE
YOU?

I'VE WORKED
FOR SO LONG. I
CANNOT SQUANDER
THIS OPPORTUNITY.
NOT AGAIN. HAVE
I MISSED
ANYTHING?



I AM THE
DORA MILAJE ARTIFICIAL
INTELLIGENCE PROGRAM YOU
DESIGNED INTO YOUR ARMOR.
IF YOU FALL, I FALL
WITH YOU.

SO BELIEVE
ME WHEN I TELL
YOU, MY PRINCE...YOU
ARE READY. NOW, AT
LAST, IS THE
TIME...

"...TO UNLEASH THE
VIBRANIUM MAN."

KILLMONGER!

I AM
PRINCE T'CHALLA,
THE LAST
WAKANDAN!

AND I HAVE
COME TO CLAIM
THE RIGHT OF
VENGEANCE!

AH.
SPLENDID.

I HOPED
YOU MIGHT STILL
BE ALIVE.

LET'S HAVE
A LOOK AT WHAT
YOU'VE MADE OF
YOURSELF,
CHILD.



YOUR ARMOR...
IS RATHER *CRUDE*,
ISN'T IT?

LOOKS AS
IF YOU BUILT IT IN
A JUNKYARD.



I BUILT IT
IN A *GRAVE*! THE
ONE YOU LEFT IN
YOUR WAKE!

FILLED WITH
THE BODIES OF
BILLIONS UPON
BILLIONS!



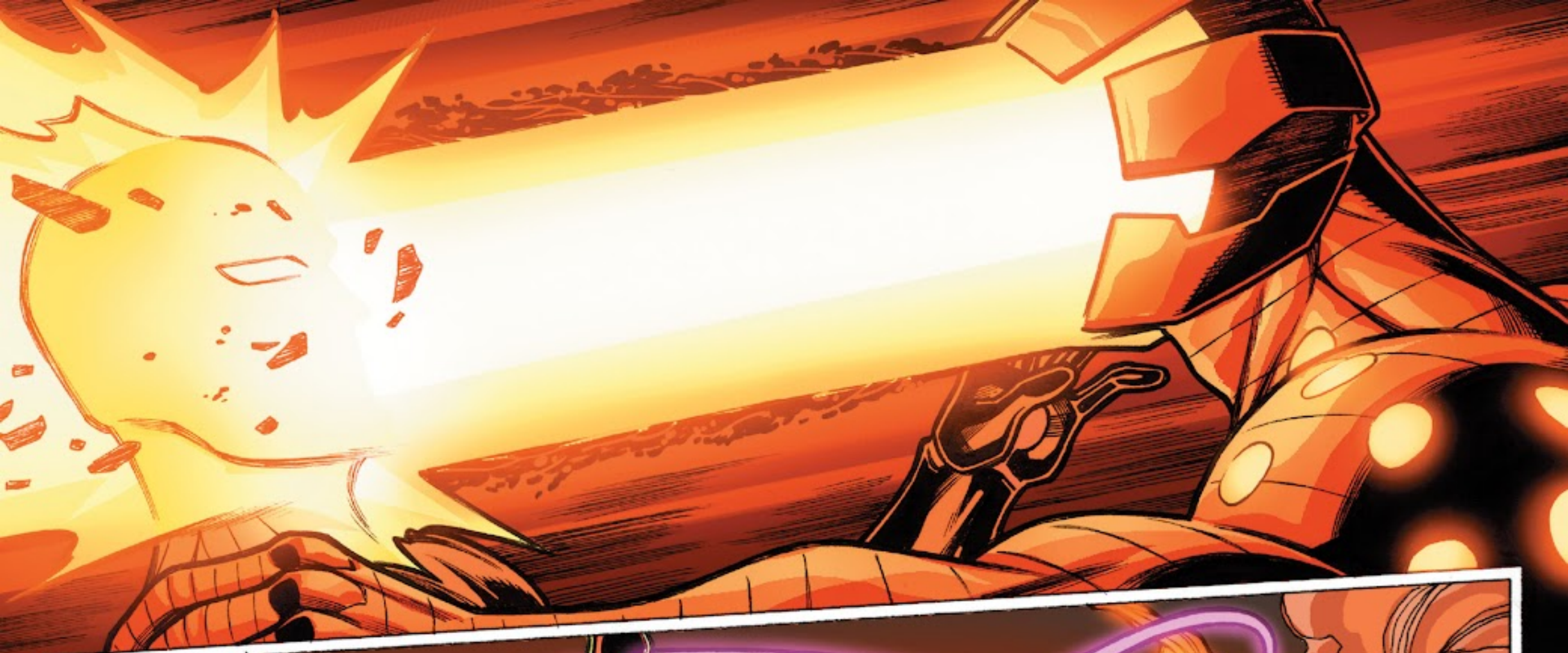
YOU
SHOULD HAVE
STAYED
THERE.

YOU ARE A
DEAD MAN DRESSED
IN SCRAPS FROM MY
TABLE.

THIS IS
PATHETIC,
T'CHALLA.
ESPECIALLY
FOR YOU.

HERE,
LET ME *SHOW*
YOU.





NO! THIS
SUIT FLOWS WITH
THE BLOOD AND SPIRIT
OF ALL OF WAKANDA!
AND IT SHALL NOT
FALL!

WAKANDA
FOREVER!



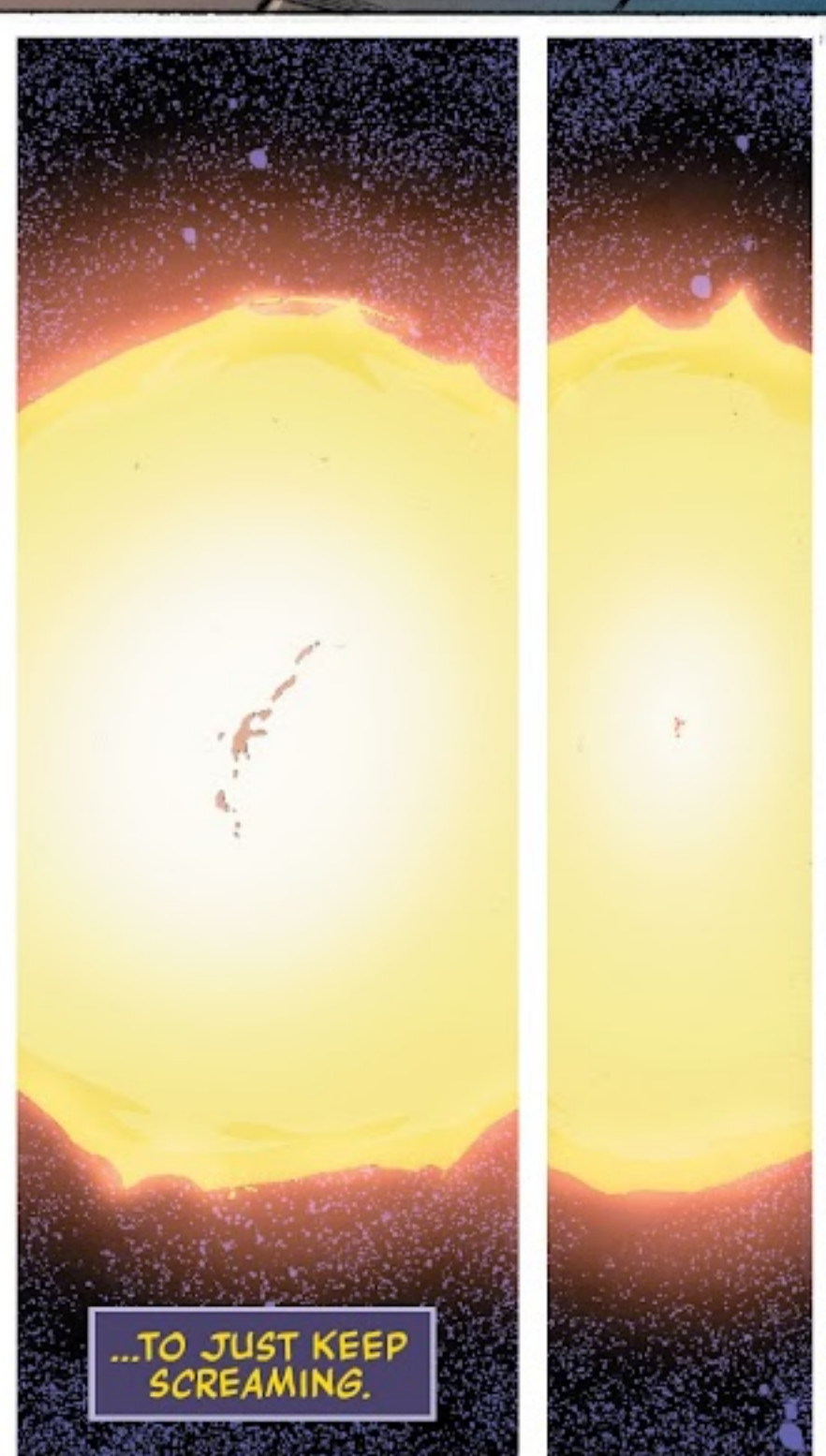
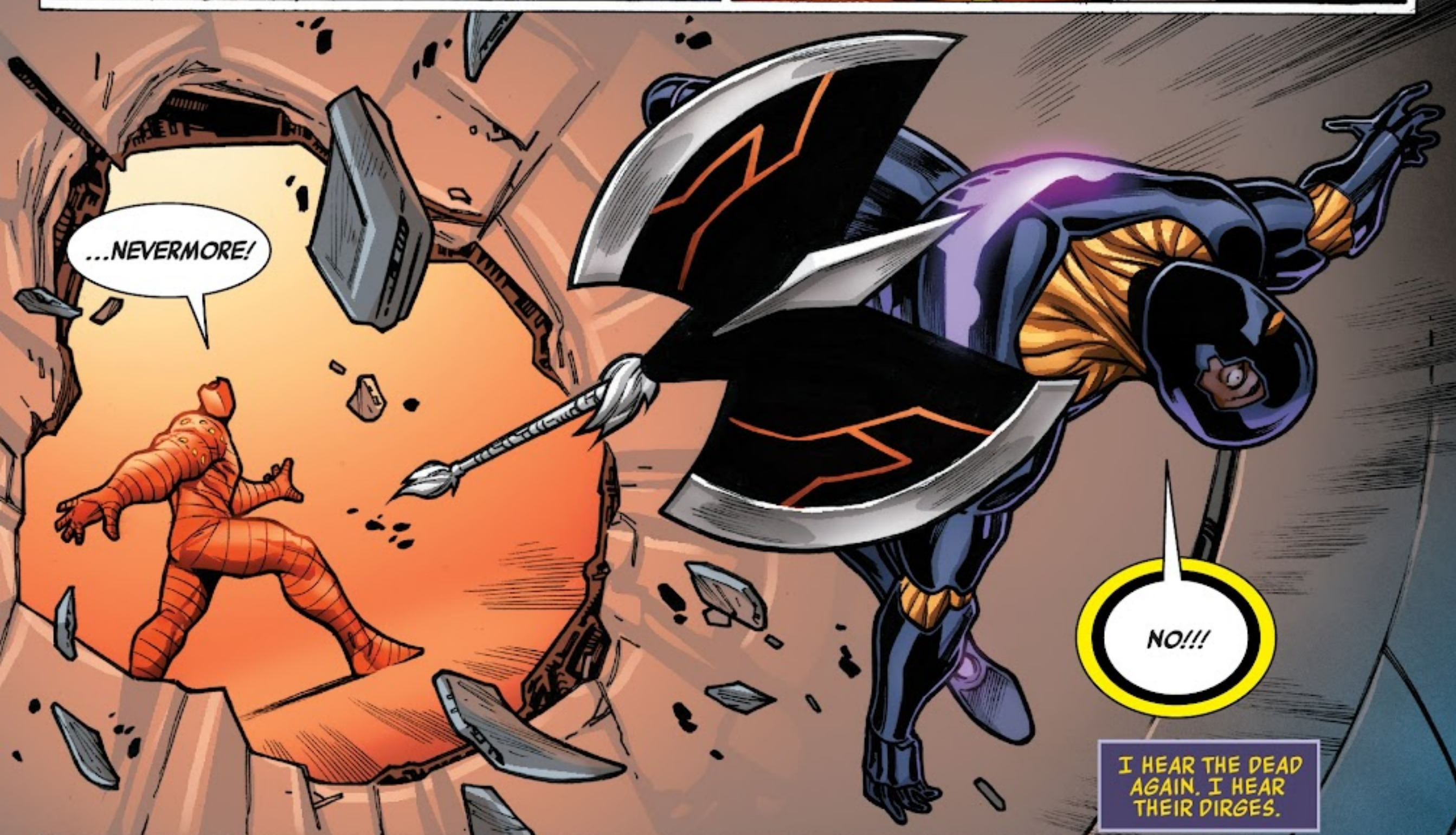
MY *DESTROYER*
ARMOR WAS FORGED
BY THE GODS. GODS WHO
WHIMPERED AND DIED UPON
THE BLADE OF MY AX.
THIS AX.



WHILE HERE
YOU ARE ACTING
LIKE SOME SECOND-RATE
TONY STARK. DO ME A
FAVOR, T'CHALLA--WHEN
I SEE YOU AGAIN ON
THE NEXT EARTH...

...TRY
TO BE MORE
ORIGINAL!

AAARRGGH!!!



THREE DAYS LATER.

THIS IS IT.

WHERE?

RIGHT HERE. RIGHT IN FRONT OF US.

THE ONLY THING IN FRONT OF US IS A *STAR*.

THIS IS THE EXACT RIGHT SPOT, I'M TELLING YOU.

YOU'RE SAYING HE'S *INSIDE* A *STAR*? THEN HE'S *DEAD*, LET'S GO.

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE TONY STARKS ARE LIKE WHERE YOU COME FROM, *DEATHLOK*, BUT THIS ONE HERE IS PRETTY MUCH THE SMARTEST DUDE EVER, AND HE'S TELLING YOU...

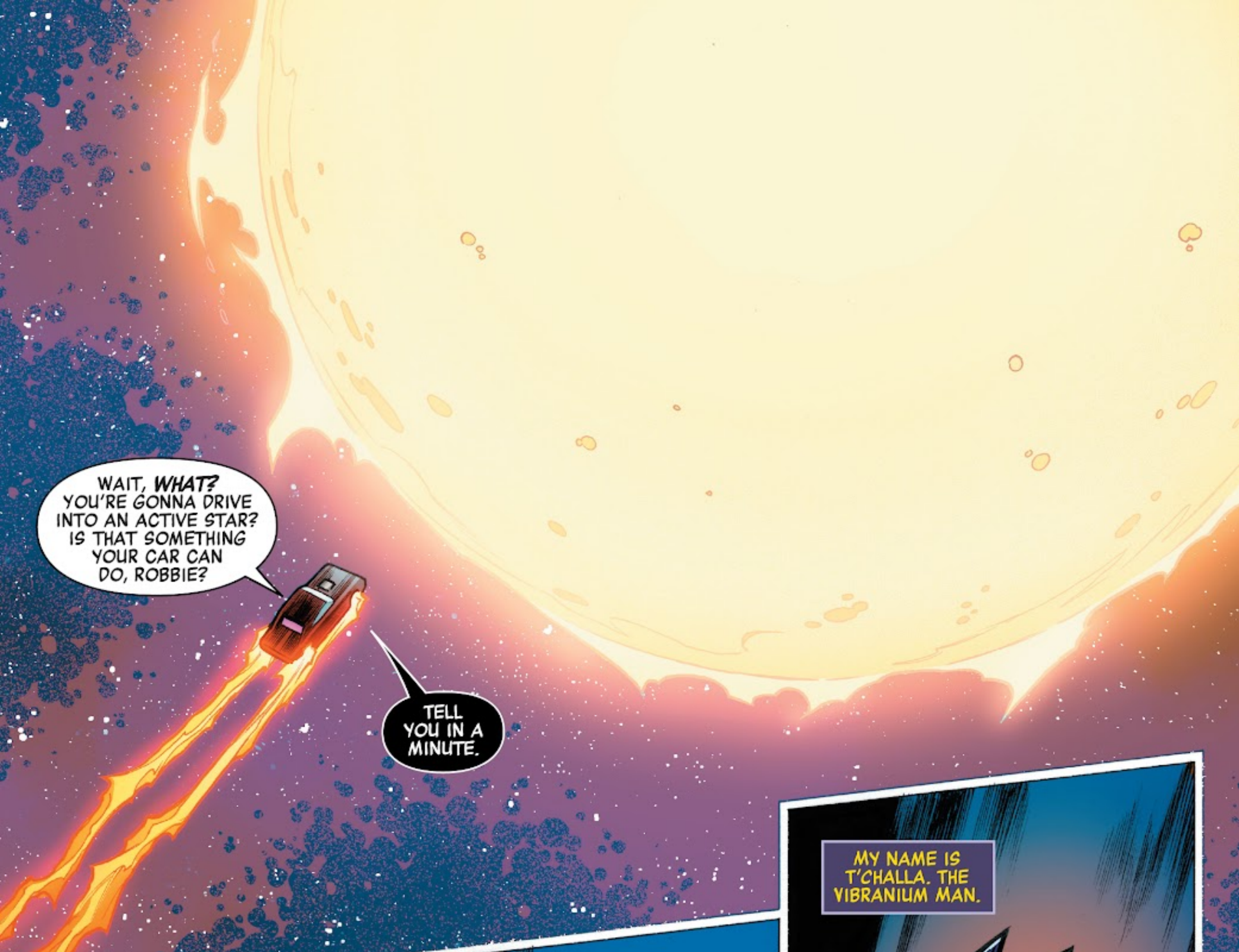
...THE TRAIL OF T'CHALLA'S ENERGY SIGNATURE LEADS RIGHT HERE!

AND THE SIGNAL IS STILL ACTIVE!

YOU'RE READING IT WRONG.

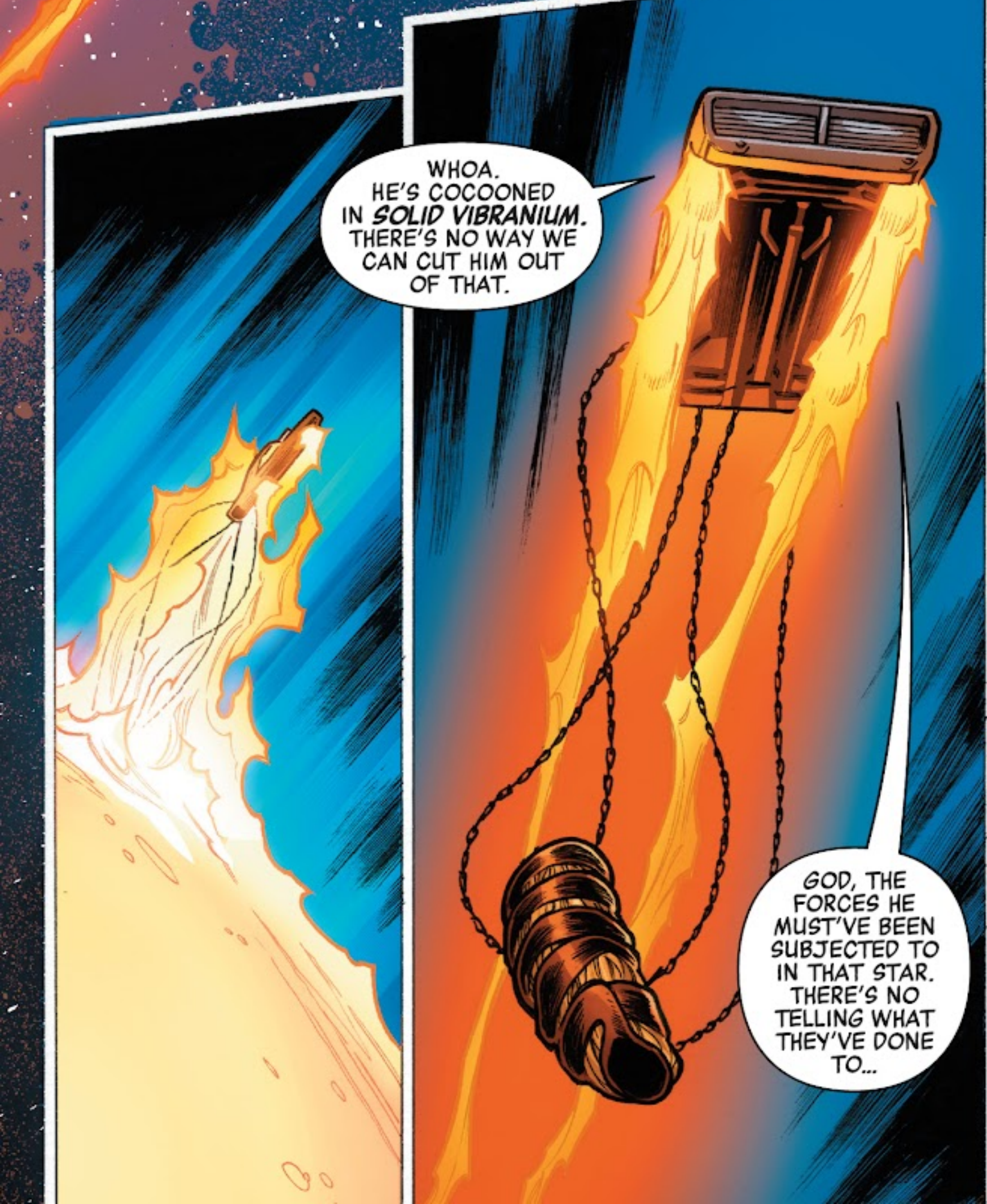
I BUILT IT!

ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.



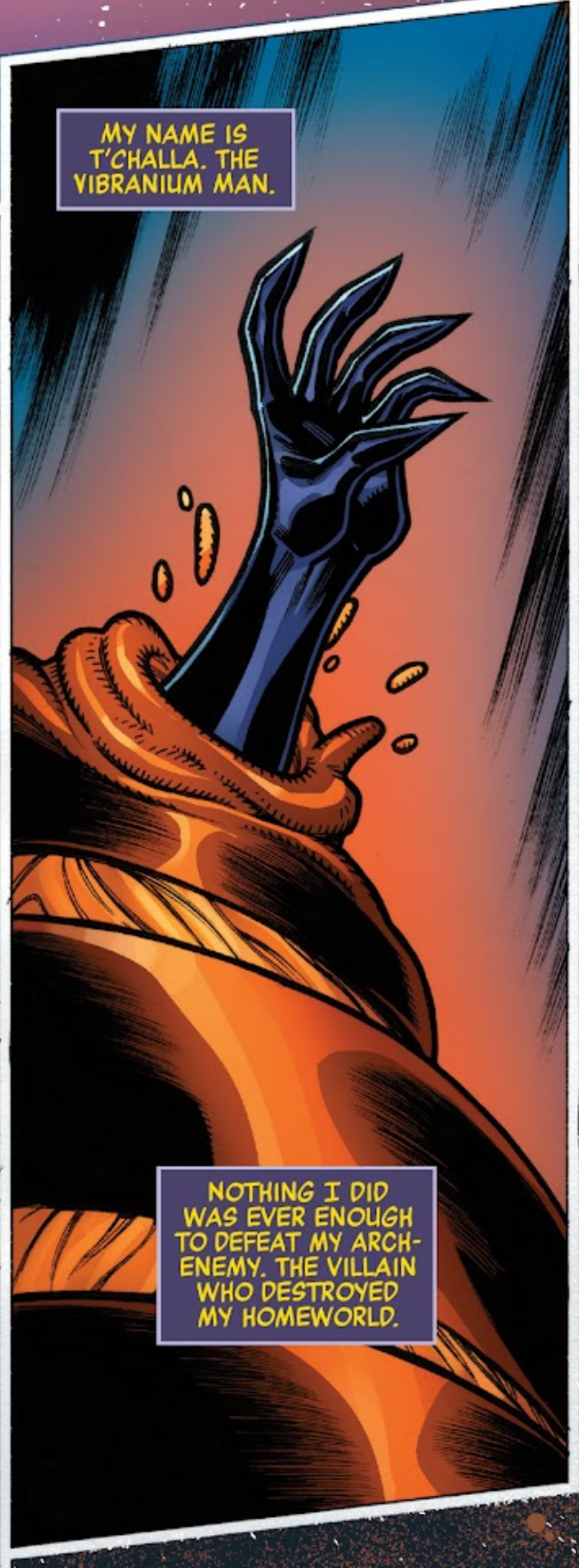
WAIT, *WHAT?*
YOU'RE GONNA DRIVE
INTO AN ACTIVE STAR?
IS THAT SOMETHING
YOUR CAR CAN
DO, ROBBIE?

TELL
YOU IN A
MINUTE.



WHOA.
HE'S COCOONED
IN *SOLID VIBRANIUM*.
THERE'S NO WAY WE
CAN CUT HIM OUT
OF THAT.

GOD, THE
FORCES HE
MUST'VE BEEN
SUBJECTED TO
IN THAT STAR.
THERE'S NO
TELLING WHAT
THEY'VE DONE
TO...



MY NAME IS
T'CHALLA. THE
VIBRANIUM MAN.

NOTHING I DID
WAS EVER ENOUGH
TO DEFEAT MY ARCH-
ENEMY. THE VILLAIN
WHO DESTROYED
MY HOMEWORLD.

BUT NOW I HAVE
THE POWER OF THE
WHITE-HOT HEAVENS
COURSING
THROUGH MY VEINS.

NOW YOU MAY
CALL ME THE
STAR PANTHER.



THE LAST
WAKANDAN.

THE MAN WHO
WILL KILL THE
KILLMONGER.



NEXT

"ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON OF STEVES"



Steve Rogers is a mild-mannered, ninety-pound guy who wakes up one morning in a prison cell with no idea how he got there. Even weirder is that the guy in the cell next to him is also named Steve Rogers. Why is there a secret prison filled with misfit Steves, none of whom have ever heard of a Super-Soldier Serum? And what sort of dark and mysterious versions of themselves will they have to unleash in order to escape?

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